

Love Personified by prettyboiiharrington

Series: [Omega!Billy Hargrove \[1\]](#)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy's an insecure sad baby that has trouble coping with the changes to his body. Steve thinks he's beautiful, obviously.

Love Personified

Billy doesn't exactly hate being pregnant. One could argue that he loves it. He loves the feeling of his kid pressing their little foot against his skin, refusing to be forgotten; doesn't even mind being kept up half the night with the little kicks until it lasts three nights and he's sore and exhausted. He loves being curled up against Steve, using him as his own personal heater, loves feeling Steve's long fingers tracing the tight skin of his stomach, so long as it's dark and for a minute he can pretend he still has abs and not a rounded stomach covered in stretch marks that refuse to fade no matter how many tips and tricks people throw his way.

No, the part Billy hates is staring in the mirror, unable to accept what he's seeing. Hates the girl that says *'Hey, at least it's all in your stomach, most people would kill for that when they're pregnant. My sister got all fat in the face, she hated it'* like that's some comfort. Steve's slender fingers used to trace every inch of Billy's stomach, would kiss every dip between his abs, and now Billy has lost it. He feels less like someone Steve should want to fuck and more like a parade balloon.

It helps when Steve walks up behind him in the mirror and wraps his arms around him, kisses his shoulder as his hands rest on the swell of his tummy, occasionally moving around to play tag with the baby, tickling the little foot and making Billy huff out a laugh in return. He'll tell him how fucking beautiful he is, how goddamn hot it is, Billy all round and *perfect* with Steve's baby, their baby. It helps, but the lingering insecurity doesn't take long to pick back up when Steve isn't around.

It also hurts how often those asshole kids he's come to actually fucking care about will say '*well of course the kid'll be great, it's half Steve's.*' Like the kid's only great because of Steve; he already knows that, he doesn't need the people he loves reminding him of it every second.

He remembers just why El's his favorite when she says "The baby, it'll be perfect."

At first, Billy holds his breath, waiting for this sweet girl to deliver the final blow that will definitely end in a hormonal crying fit, when she once again surprises him by saying “It’s half Billy, it’ll have so much love, Billy will love it more than anything, and it’ll be *so* pretty,” with the sweetest smile.

Billy doesn’t even correct her when she calls the baby an it, because what she says is so fucking nice and not at all what he’s expecting. When Billy starts crying Steve and Hopper look at El, who is terrified she’s done something wrong, and smile wide.

“He’s fine kiddo,” Hopper tells her. “You just made him real happy.”

“People don’t say nice shit to him often, it’s like a shock to the system.” Steve squeezes Billy’s thigh in one hand and ruffles El’s hair with the other.

Billy tells them to shut up while reaching out so that El will hug him. El, much like Billy, is weird about affection, not given enough of it growing up unless something was expected in return, but they’ve come to give love and kindness to each other freely, so whenever Billy offers a hug, a hand to hold for comfort, an arm around her, or a shoulder for her to rest her head on, she looks at Billy with kind eyes and always accepts.

There’s a reason he has come to love her to the same level of Max and Steve. Three people who won’t reject him, who give him love and don’t expect anything in return. Three people he can trust with every fiber of his being. Steve may hold the number one spot, but those two girls, his **sisters**, they’re a close second.

Billy’s constantly reminded of why he loves his baby about as often as he’s reminded why he hates himself. The kids, they don’t mean to be assholes, but they aren’t exactly the most sensitive bunch. Mike has a bad attitude, Lucas is perpetually grumpy and judgmental, and Dustin, well Dustin doesn’t exactly have a filter. He almost feels guilty that he’s picked favorites in Max, El, and Will, but Max and El are always on his side now that he’s not as much of an evil asshole, and Will’s a shy kid who needs protecting and actually has some fucking respect, so he likes him too.

At some point Steve playfully says “hey just make sure you don’t pick favorites when it comes to our actual kids,” and Billy has a half hour long meltdown about how he’s going to be a horrible father before Steve finally gets him to lay down and take a fucking break.

Billy needs constant validation, especially when it comes to carrying their child and being a father, and Steve will happily give it along with whatever comfort Billy might need.

This includes buying extremely large hoodies and wearing them for a week so they smell like him when Billy ‘steals’ them. As much as he hates Billy hiding his bump, he understands, and it’s kind of adorable when Billy roams around in his hoodie and nothing else.

It also means calling Max, waking her up, and picking her up at 3AM because that thing she does to Billy’s back that she learned off of tumblr is apparently the only thing that can help him sleep and at this point Steve’ll burn down Hawkins if it means Billy can get some rest.

Some days it means that Steve’s driving them four towns over because only one place has the right chocolate syrup to go on Billy’s ice-cream.

Steve’s favorite thing though is when Billy’s sitting on the porch steps between his legs, his head rested on Steve’s chest with his shirt pulled up so that the girls can coo at the baby, Max telling the kid all the things she’s gonna teach them and El staring on in awe.

Billy used to be confused by how fascinated she still is with the ‘real world’ after having been in it for a few years, but Steve pointed out that she must be making up for lost time and Billy understands that; he doesn’t think he’ll ever stop being shocked and fascinated by how devoted Steve is to him with the lack of care he had been given after he lost his mom.

He blushes like crazy, and you can see his fingers twitch, desperate to pull his shirt back down and hide, but Steve will whisper about how beautiful he looks, how he’s so sweet, letting the girls see him, and the girls’ excitement combined with Steve’s heartbeat gently beating just barely loud enough for Billy to hear, to feel, comforts him

enough and gives him just a little confidence to be able to continue showing off.

He may not like the way he looks, the way the bump took away his perfect figure, but every time Steve tells him he's beautiful he's just a little closer to actually believing it. Truth be told, Billy may need the validation, but he can't exactly hate the bump; he and Steve have created a little life, a baby, and Billy's already gone. Half Billy, Half Steve, and all theirs. Their love personified.

Billy could never hate being pregnant if that's what comes of it.